

# THE DAWN.

---

NO. 4.

WILMINGTON, JUNE 17, 1822.


VOL. 1.

---

"Cultivation is as necessary to the mind, as food is to the body."

"If good we plant not, vice will fill the place;  
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface."

---

 Communications for the DAWN to ensure insertion, must be sent at least six days before publication.

---

To correspondents.—"ARIEL" is laid over for consideration.

The numerous inaccuracies in the communication of "NORMAN," renders it inadmissible. We presume the author is just making his debut into the literary world, and is of course unaccustomed to writing, which accounts for its incorrectness. Nevertheless we would advise him to write more, and submit his compositions to some person capable of criticising them, previous to handing them to a printer, and we will venture to assert that by so doing it will prove more beneficial to him than if they appeared before the public with all their imperfections.


---

We have received a number of "THE LITERARY KALEIDOSCOPE," a paper printed at Wheeling, Virginia, and edited by *M. C. Hull*. It is issued Monthly, at twenty-five cents per annum.

We have also received several numbers of "*The Juvenile Repository*," printed at Lancaster, Penn. and edited by *H. JOHNSON & W. R. MOORE*. It is issued every Saturday, at one dollar a year. Both papers, as far as we can judge, are well conducted, and deserve the patronage of the rising generation. Persons wishing to subscribe to either of the above works, are requested to call and see the numbers at this office, where subscriptions will be received.

It rejoices us to see that such works are encouraged, and we hope the day is not far distant when they shall be as numerous as useful—when the power of Ignorance and the cloud of Superstition, which have heretofore

overshadowed the minds of too many of the young sons of Columbia, shall be finally eradicated, and they so enlightened and accomplished as to be able to fill with honor, their respective stations in society.

—  
 The person who has the 40th. and 41st. numbers of the "*Evening Gazette*," is requested to return them forthwith, to \_\_\_\_\_, or leave them at this office, as it is desirable to have the volume bound.

—  
 As some of our *fair* readers were so delighted with the "receipt for making a fourth proof dandy," published in a former number, we trust they will not take amiss the following for making a dandyess.

FOR THE DAWN.

### RECEIPT TO MAKE A DANDYESS.

Take a brat of a female about 14 years of age, send her to a city boarding school for nine months, there stuff her mind with romantic tales, gaudy lies and twenty words of the French language; give her one sixteenth of a grain of flattery, (being a sufficient quantity to decompose all the common sense she has,) then give a poetaster ten dollars to compose a love sonnet "addressed to Miss \_\_\_\_\_," which is to be clandestinely conveyed to her through the medium of her chamber-maid. These applications invariably produce vanity, pride, haughtiness and affectation the internal requisites of a dandyess. Thus prepared, adorn her addle pate with a forty dollar Leghorn *flat*, the front of which must dandle in the air to indicate the *lightness* of the thing enclosed; the back to resemble a Turkey's tail spread before the driving wind. Decorate her neck with a groupe of crape ruffles to pretend the *flimsiness* of her understanding; furnish her with a *jacket* and *bone* which are to be drawn by the combined strength of herself and maid, around the waist, until she is compressed to three and a half inches diameter; this to be covered closely by a figured Nankin crape dress, the waist of which must reach to within an inch and a half of her hips to make her look *waspish*; her feet to be covered with prunello shoes; put in her hand a *reticle* shaped like a Port Folio; let her cheeks be rubbed with rouge, powder or inflaming essences, and encircled by ringlets of submarine hair, which must be given a lustre by essential oils. Thus equipt turn her into the street and she will act the part of a *fool*, which is synonymous with a *Dandyess*.

DICK.



## FOR THE DAWN

The eastern horizon had just arrayed itself in its roseate vesture, and majestically drove the grim visage of appalling night from the superficies of this nether world; myriads of winged insects filled the atmosphere with a continual hum; the feathered choristers had awoke from their balmy slumbers, and exposed their downy plumes to the undulating respiration of the morning *dawn*; their warbling throats filled the circumambient air with extatic sounds expressive of the warmest love; the red bird whistled in the humid dell; the reflective-plumed black bird poured forth his song from the summit of the lofty poplar; the musical lark was aspiring to a height competing with the sun illumined clouds; the thrush with his varied notes carolled in the hawthorn bush, while the lesser tribes twitter in the verdant grass; the anxious parent hen had drawn forth her numerous brood, and with the affection and industry of a mother, sought them food; while the majestic ruby-crested and heroic defender of domestic fowls sounded his shrill clarion, challenging all of his own sex to bloody combat;—Such was the morn when *Sambo soused the bucket in the swill-tub, filled it, and run to feed the hogs.*

PHILO-BEAUTIFUL.

---

*From the Literary Kaleidoscope.*

“——Miscuit utile dulce.”

No innovation has occurred for some time in the *beau monde* that so happily blends the useful and sweet, elegance and style, as the “*flats*” (a bad name by-the-bye) of our female fashionables.—They render the parasols quite useless, affording a shade quite sufficient for a beau or two, (provided they stoop a little) besides completely shielding the face of the wearer from the noxious rays of the sun, or other orb that might be above the horizon of her head. When we connect this with its grand and majestic waving which corresponds so finely with her light and airy tread, her buoyant springing pace, and the effect produced on the circumambient atmosphere, we immediately hear the sighing of the breze and feel the fanning of Zephyr’s wings. I think it will be readily conceived that the *flats* far outshine every thing in the head dress department that the world has yet witnessed. We therefore must believe it to be the verriest quintessence of all turbans, caps, coifs, bonnets, hats, crowns, mitres, chaplans, &c. &c. We sincerely hope that those young

ladies who have not yet supplied themselves, will be seriously impressed with this important truth, and make no delay in obtaining this great acquisition to personal charms.

M'CUE, jr.

---

Probably the following account of Michael Baird or Bear, from the "Philadelphia Repertory," who a few years since, lived near Little York, Penn. will not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Dawn*.

Mr. B. was of German extraction. His father left him a valuable farm of five hundred acres, in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. He accumulated an immense estate, which he preserved so tenaciously, that he never afforded a dollar for the education of his family. He was never known to lay out one dollar in cash, for any article he might be in want of; he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter with him for something he could not conveniently sell for money. He farmed largely, and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He kept a team for the conveyance of his whiskey and flour to Baltimore, which when he could not sell for money at a price to suit him, he bartered for the necessities for his family and tavern. In this way he amassed an estate of *four hundred thousand dollars*. Such was his attachment to money, that he was never known to lend or credit a single dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage, or other security that could be given, he would not lend one cent. He never vested one dollar in any of the public funds. Neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than till he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a large iron chest, until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death, his strong boxes, "from whose bourn no traveller had e'er returned," yielded two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, in gold and silver.

The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him twelve dollars per bushel for one hundred and ten bushels of clover seed; but he would not give it for less than thirteen dollars, and they did not agree. The seed was afterwards sent to Philadelphia, where it sold for seven dollars per bushel, and brought, in the whole, five hundred and fifty dollars less than the Virginian had offered



for it. On receiving an account of this sale, he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave various directions to his people. He then went to his waggon-house, and—hanged himself.

---

[SELECTED.]

*Account of the extraordinary Death of a  
Flemish Painter.*

Peter Peuteman was a good painter of still life; but the most memorable circumstance relative to this artist was the incident that occasioned his death.

He was employed to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, expressive of the vanity of the pleasures of this world, and of the shortness and misery of human life: and that he might imitate some parts of his subject with the greater exactness, he painted them in an anatomical room, where several skeletons were suspended from the ceiling, and skulls and bones lay scattered about the floor. Here he prepared to take his designs, and either from some previous fatigue, or the intenseness of his study, insensibly fell asleep. This was on September 18, 1692, when an earthquake that happened while he was dozing, roused him; and the instant he awoke, he perceived all the skeletons in motion, and the loose skulls rolling about the room! Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror that he threw himself down stairs, and tumbled out into the street half dead. His friends took all imaginable pains to efface the impression made on his mind by this unlucky event; explaining the true cause of the agitation of the skeletons; nevertheless his spirits were affected in so violent a manner, that he never recovered his health, but died soon after at 42 years of age.

---

COMPASSION.

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment. But we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

ladies who have not yet supplied themselves, will be seriously impressed with this important truth, and make no delay in obtaining this great acquisition to personal charms.

M'CUE, jr.

---

Probably the following account of Michael Baird or Bear, from the "Philadelphia Repertory," who a few years since, lived near Little York, Penn. will not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Dawn*.

Mr. B. was of German extraction. His father left him a valuable farm of five hundred acres, in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. He accumulated an immense estate, which he preserved so tenaciously, that he never afforded a dollar for the education of his family. He was never known to lay out one dollar in cash, for any article he might be in want of; he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter with him for something he could not conveniently sell for money. He farmed largely, and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He kept a team for the conveyance of his whiskey and flour to Baltimore, which when he could not sell for money at a price to suit him, he bartered for the necessities for his family and tavern. In this way he amassed an estate of *four hundred thousand dollars*. Such was his attachment to money, that he was never known to lend or credit a single dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage, or other security that could be given, he would not lend one cent. He never vested one dollar in any of the public funds. Neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than till he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a large iron chest, until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death, his strong boxes, "from whose bourne no traveller had e'er returned," yielded two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, in gold and silver.

The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him twelve dollars per bushel for one hundred and ten bushels of clover seed; but he would not give it for less than thirteen dollars, and they did not agree. The seed was afterwards sent to Philadelphia, where it sold for seven dollars per bushel, and brought, in the whole, five hundred and fifty dollars less than the Virginian had offered



for it. On receiving an account of this sale, he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave various directions to his people. He then went to his waggon-house, and—hanged himself.

---

[SELECTED.]

*Account of the extraordinary Death of a  
Flemish Painter.*

Peter Peuteman was a good painter of still life; but the most memorable circumstance relative to this artist was the incident that occasioned his death.

He was employed to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, expressive of the vanity of the pleasures of this world, and of the shortness and misery of human life: and that he might imitate some parts of his subject with the greater exactness, he painted them in an anatomical room, where several skeletons were suspended from the ceiling, and skulls and bones lay scattered about the floor. Here he prepared to take his designs, and either from some previous fatigue, or the intenseness of his study, insensibly fell asleep. This was on September 18, 1692, when an earthquake that happened while he was dozing, roused him; and the instant he awoke, he perceived all the skeletons in motion, and the loose skulls rolling about the room! Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror that he threw himself down stairs, and tumbled out into the street half dead. His friends took all imaginable pains to efface the impression made on his mind by this unlucky event; explaining the true cause of the agitation of the skeletons; nevertheless his spirits were affected in so violent a manner, that he never recovered his health, but died soon after at 42 years of age.

---

COMPASSION.

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment. But we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

It has been objected, and it is to be feared with some reason, that female conversation is too frequently tinged with a censorious spirit, and that ladies are seldom apt to discover much tenderness for the errors of a fallen sister. No arguments can justify, no pleas extenuate it.

To insult over the miseries of an unhappy creature is inhuman, not to compassionate them is unchristian. The worthy part of the sex always express themselves humanely on the failings of others, in proportion to their own undeviating goodness, and by that gentle virtue are prompted to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate and wretched; it prevents us from retaliating injuries; and restrains our severe judgments and angry passions.

---

### EFFECT OF MUSIC.

*From a London Paper.*

The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland:—A taylor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time: among his workmen, there was a fellow who was always singing *Rule Britannia*, and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The taylor made his observations, and found that the slow time of his tune retarded the work, in consequence, he engaged a blind fidler and placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of *Nancy Dawson*.—The design had the proper effect—the taylor's elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

---

*Turkish Justice.*—The Turkish Ambassador, who was at Paris in 1798, bought a diamond of a jeweller in that city. While the bargain was concluding, one of his people stole a ring. A little child saw it, and told his father after the Turk was gone. The jeweller immediately wrote to the Ambassador, who sent him word that he should wait twenty-four hours. After the expiration of this time, the jeweller received a box directed to him, which he opened and found in it the head of the thief, with the ring between his teeth!

---

A Philadelphian passing through a large village, inquired the name, "*Brandywine*" was the reply, "ah!" exclaimed he, "there's some *spirit* in that."



In a recent duel between two *barristers*, one of them shot away the *skirt* of the other's coat. His second observing the truth of his aim, declared that had his friend been engaged with a *client*, he would very probably have *hit his pocket*.

"Give me a pound of Candles!" said a little negro boy with a commanding air, as he entered a tallow chandler's. "You might say, please," retorted the greasy shopman, sharply. "I would," answered Scipio with equal asperity, "*had I not ha' brought the money!*"

An Irishman, passing by St. Paul's church in London, exclaimed, looking at his watch, "Och, if here arn't my little watch, made by cousin O'Phlanagan of Cork, and if it hasnt beat your big clock here by more than two hours since yesterdays morning!"

FOR THE DAWN.

To Miss \*\*\*\*\*

Once beauteous maid could'st thou so peevish prove,  
As to return me pain for all my love?  
Thy charms\* my heart no more shall move,

I tell you.

I lov'd thee *once* with all my heart and mind,  
And felt delightful in this love refined;  
But now to love thee *more* I'm *not* inclin'd,

I tell you.

I know how oft you've jilted me you jade,  
Your torturing ingenuity display'd,  
To hurt my feelings, and my name degrade,

I tell you.

Once so you've done, but never shall again,  
And now I say it very "plump and plain,"  
Your graces\* never shall my heart enchain,

I tell you.

There's ten times prettier girls in town, than you—  
That I with trifling pains could shew—  
Then why all love and decency eschew,

You jilt you.

You *think* you're wond'rous *pretty* I suppose—  
A lying thought—for, only view your nose,  
Your mouth, your teeth and lips, and they disclose  
Great ugliness.

\*She has neither *charms* nor *graces*: the words are put here merely to lengthen the line.

**Cried Bug-a-boo!!!**

**I'll never have any thing more to do with you.**

DICK.

## THE WOUNDED BIRD.

**Hark! hark! the distant gun resounds,  
The trembling Partridge falls;  
In vain he tries to rise again,  
In vain for help he calls.**

**Vain are his cries, for see his foe  
Regardeth not his pain!  
Poor bird! 'tis folly thus to toil,  
'Thou ne'er shalt rise again.**

**"Ah! cruel man" his help-mate cries,  
"To rob me of my mate;"  
She made the forest ring again,  
She loud deplored his fate.**

**If gunners only knew the pain  
They give the feather'd race,  
Humanity would stop the sport,  
And not her page deface.**

Julio.

**Cowper, in the following lines, feelingly describes the pains inflicted by the sportsman on the animals which are the object of his hunting passion.**

Detested sport  
That owes its pleasure to another's pain,  
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks  
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endu'd  
With eloquence that agonies inspire,  
Of silent tears, and heart-distending sighs!  
Vain tears, alas! and sighs, that never find  
A corresponding tone in jovial souls.

The *Dawn* is published twice a month, by LEWIS WILSON, No. 105, Market Street, Wilmington, Del. at 75cts. a year; payable half yearly in advance.